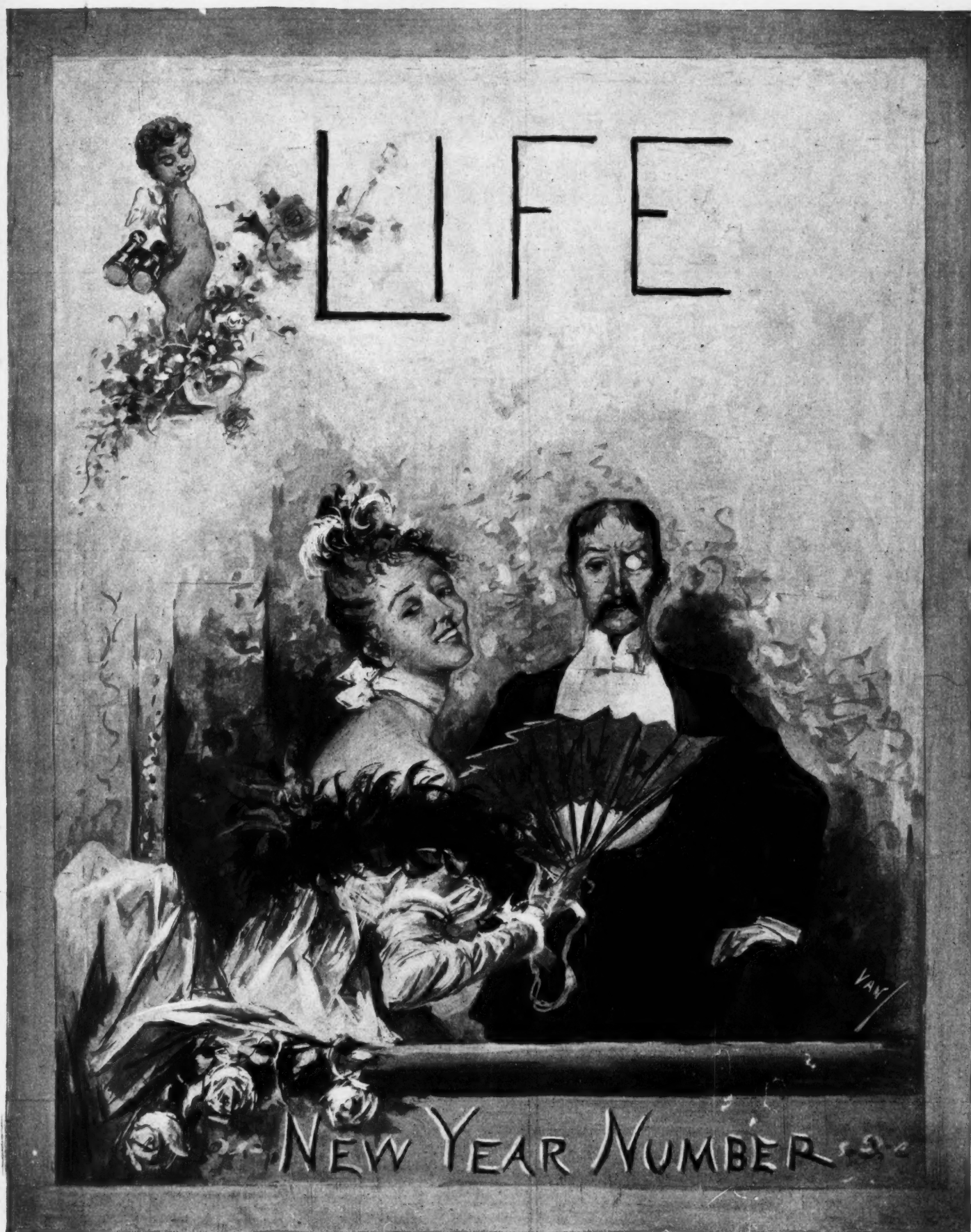


VOLUME XXV.

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NUMBER 627.



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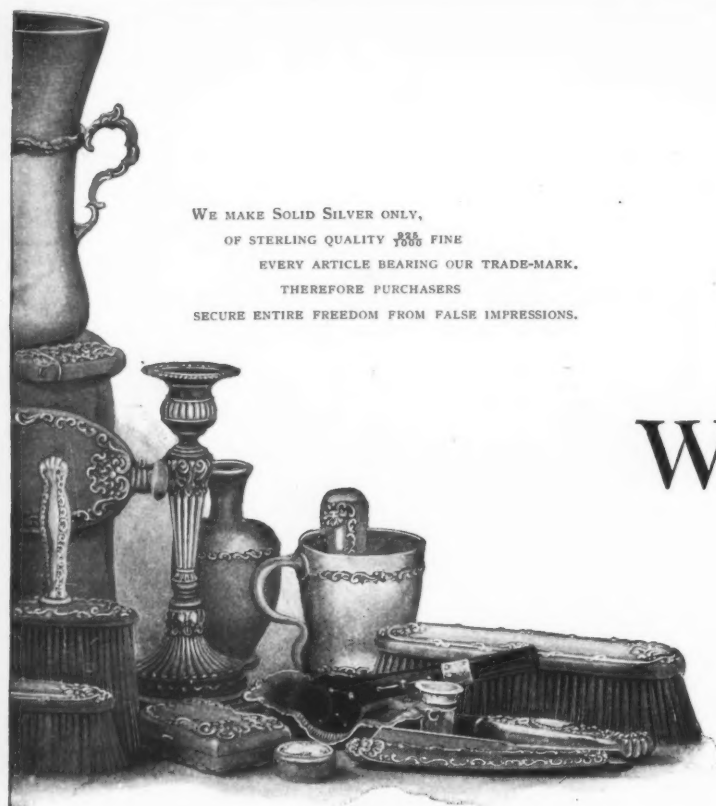
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"IN THIS TALE THE SUSPENSE IS WELL SUSTAINED."—*Book Review.*

IF there is no race for the America's cup next season, the New York Yacht Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron evidently intend that it shall not be for lack of wind.

"I LOVE you, dearly, Jack," she said. "You are the light of my life."  
"I'm sorry," said her father, as he appeared in the doorway, "but I will have to put your light out."

FIRST LITTLE GIRL: We didn't have no turkey Christmas day; my papa is a vegetarian.

SECOND LITTLE GIRL: We didn't have no Christmas; my papa's a Democrat.

IN A VERY LOW TONE.

"BERTY MEANS WELL BUT HE HAS A HABIT OF TELLING ALL HE KNOWS."

"YES, I NOTICED THAT LAST NIGHT. I WAS ALONE WITH HIM NEARLY FIVE MINUTES."

CLERK (*of Western hotel*): I thought it best to caution that old fellow who just came in about blowing out the gas.

PROPRIETOR: Where's he from?

CLERK: From the Greater New York.





"While there is Life there's Hope."

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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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AS LIFE goes to press there still lingers a haze of uncertainty about the story of Mr. Stevenson's death. His relatives have not had word of it yet. It has not been certified by his wife or his stepson. Yet the report is so definite that it has been generally accepted.

If one could believe (what is quite incredible), that Mr. Stevenson, having practically abandoned the world he used to live in, thought himself entitled to read what his former comrades thought of him, it would be conceivable that for once there would be a man who was satisfied with his obituaries.

The business that he followed was to write for the entertainment of his fellow men. It is a business in which competition is lively and some of the keenest intellects are engaged, but he beat all his competitors, and the best of them sat at his feet and learned their business. A fragile creature, with hardly enough physical vitality to hold his spirit down to earth, he had an invincible intellectual energy that could not stay beaten. There have been greater novelists than he in this century, but no story-teller of equal merit. He wrote classics. So did Hawthorne, so did Thackeray; but to find his match in the particular thing he did best one has to go back of them to Swift and Defoe. He is a sad loss. There was much of his music left in him when he died; but happily he had got a great deal of it out. His best books are not many nor long, but they have this quality, that after standing on the shelf a year one can take them down and read them over again, and sit up just as late over them with just about as much satisfaction as when they were brand new.

There are so few writers who take the trouble to learn their business and then take the pains to practice it, that the great army of readers can ill afford to have one of them die before his time.



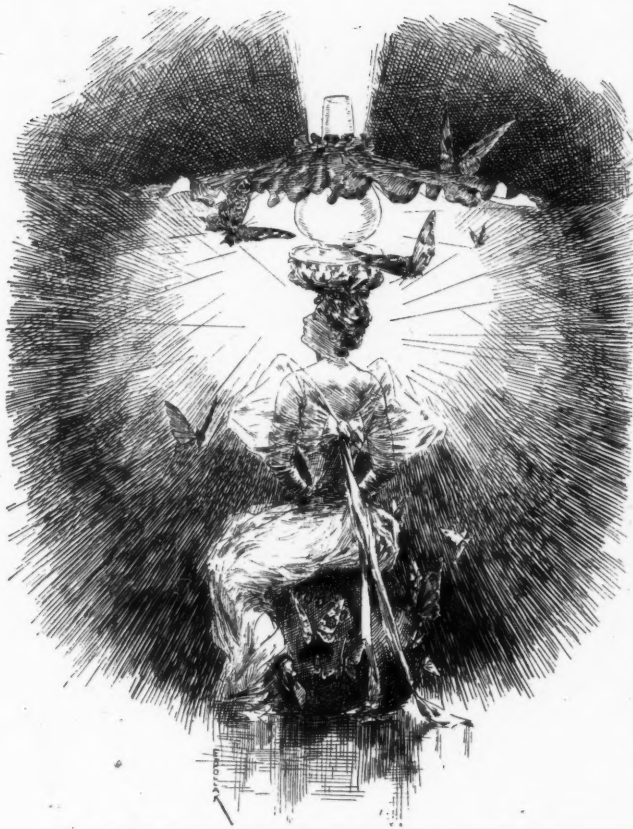
TRINITY says that it owns as yet comparatively few of the bad tenements that have been attributed to it, and that those it does own are in no worse condition than others in the same localities. This last is rather a lame excuse, and it will probably do the rich ecclesiastical corporation no harm to be prodded up a little about its holdings. The rumpus about Trinity tenements seems to be somewhat due to a desire to afford the reform element a change of diet by serving up to it some one who is apparently respectable.

Trinity is an over-rich and presumably Christian corporation—if such a thing can be—and ought to set a good example to all other landlords, but we must all be careful in these days. Reform is marvelously rife. Every man feels himself to be his brother's keeper, and asks himself which is the fittest committee to investigate his brother's misdeeds. It behooves every one of us to discern if possible what we have been doing, and whose eye is on us, and what we shall say when we are called upon to explain. *Peccavi* is a good old cry, and still occasionally, as in Captain Creeden's case, it is received with applause, but it won't do for us sinners to rely on it too much. Confession is good for the soul, but it makes more for comfort and our credit to have as little as possible to confess.



THE year opens auspiciously. Business is better than it was a year ago; fewer people are out of work; there is less distress. Some of the rascals have been turned out, and notice to quit has been served on many others. The President has been fishing and feels better; Governor Morton says he won't appoint the unnecessary judges authorized by the new constitution. Mayor Strong promises good behavior, and seems able to make his intentions good. The people at large are unusually bent on having good government. They are still poor, and feel that they cannot afford to have their industry prejudiced by either foolery or thievery on the part of their rulers. What they particularly crave is sound financial legislation.





GEORGE INNESS.

THE exhibition of the studies of the late George Inness affords a rare opportunity to analyze the methods of a great master. The paintings of Inness will long perpetuate his fame, for he belonged to the high order of minds which draw the patent of their rank from no school, but from nature direct. One of the chief characteristics of Inness's artistic achievement is its suggestion of reserve force. There was a man behind it.

Public busts and statues have been erected to some of our literary men as well as to our inventors, statesmen and soldiers, but none to our artists. Yet several have achieved a distinction that entitles them to that honor, while the symmetrical education of the people demands it.

Why not begin by raising a statue to the memory of George Inness? Place it where the sunsets he so magnificently portrayed shall drape it in splendor, and may the design worthily commemorate one of the greatest representative men of our country and of the nineteenth century.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

CAUSE FOR REJOICING.

HE: I'm glad I'm wealthy.

SHE: You ought to be. Everybody says she will make you a good wife.

ON THE DANGERS OF NOTORIETY.

THERE is a cruel difference between fame and notoriety. One is lasting and honorable. The other is not only evanescent, but in the long run is sure to undermine the dignity of its victims. It is a pleasant thing when first experienced, but, like apple-jack, should be sipped sparingly, and with caution. Dr. Mary Walker, Daniel Pratt, Lydia Pinkham, Mr. Ward McAllister and a host of others equally honest and well-intentioned never realized, until too late, that the very mention of their names would cause a smile. But this was the inevitable reaction from over advertising.

With names representing achievements that command our respect there is little danger of such ridicule. With those, however, that represent nothing but excellence of raiment, and the faculty of being present, too much blowing of the herald's horn is certain to react and to end in ridicule.

Among the victims of this insinuating poison are

Mr. & Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr.,	Mr. & Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer
Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt,	Cruger,
Mr. & Mrs. John Jacob Astor,	Mr. & Mrs. Elbridge T. Gerry,
Mr. & Mrs. August Belmont,	Mrs. Paran Stevens,
Mr. & Mrs. Harry Le Grand	Mr. & Mrs. James P. Kernochan,
Cannon,	Mr. & Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr.,
Mr. & Mrs. Ogden Mills,	Mr. & Mrs. I. Townsend Burden,
Mr. & Mrs. Edmund L. Baylies,	Mr. Brockholst Cutting,

and several others. All worthy people, but too dazzled by present "prominence" to realize their danger.

It is certainly to be regretted that such honest and respectable persons should reach that condition when the mention of their names brings a smile to the lips of more serious citizens.

"OLD SOAK actually shed tears when he found he couldn't get a drop of whisky."  
"Why didn't he drink his tears?"



First Mean Man: HAVE YOU A CIGAR?

Second Mean Man: YES, BUT ONLY ONE, AND I WANT TO SMOKE MYSELF.

"WELL, I HAVE ONE TOO."

And they smiled and smoked and each respected the other.



HENRIK IBSEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1828 AT THE AGE OF SIX MONTHS.



THE JAMES L. FORD ASSOCIATION.

OMITTED FROM "THE LITERARY SHOP."

"WHAT I object to in these fakirs of the Kettledrum School who write for the magazines," said the President of the Association, when the pipes were lighted, "is that they don't know anything about New York and never will. They belong to Philadelphia, and ought to stay there."

"Ting, ting!" chirruped his young friend from Park

Row who was learning the business by attending regularly the meetings of the Association.

"You need not ring the bell on me," replied the President. "I know I've said it before, but it's the law and gospel of the whole literary business, and you can't hear it too often."

"Hear, hear!" cried the representative of the Plumbers' and Gas-fitters' Literary Union, who was always allowed to be present as a representative of current literary taste.

"What man of the Kettledrum School ever passed beyond the barbed-wire fence that, for literary purposes, is stretched across the city just below Cooper Union?" asked the President. "What man of them knows anything about the interior of a Mott Street opium joint, Mulberry Bend, or Silver Dollar Smith's saloon?"

"Well, what of it?" asked the Great Objector from Madison Square, who was suspected of sympathy with the Kettledrums. "There was lots of good literature produced before Mott Street was ever heard of. One Shakspeare never

frequented Silver Dollar Smith's saloon. For my part, I can't see why you make knowledge of low life in New York a test of literary sanity and equipment. I don't want to see it or read about it either."

"You might as well avow yourself a member of the Pruning-hook School at once," said the President, "and write solely for the plumbers and gas-fitters who read the great magazines. As poor old Jack Moran used—."

"Ting, ting!" again cut in the young friend from Park Row. "Jack's dead and buried; let him rest."

"What's the matter with the Kettledrums, anyway?" piped up the Great Objector. "It isn't a literary crime to write about people who live north of Ninth Street, and dress for dinner. The most entertaining people I know are that sort. There is nothing essentially romantic or picturesque about crime, squalor and opium. Good clothes and a decent life ought not to condemn a man for literary purposes."

"Read and write about them all you want," said the President, with irritation, "but don't come around here bragging about your studies of 'local color.' As poor old Jack—"

"Rats!" groaned the young friend from Park Row.

"Some nice young woman who lives on the Avenue has been reading your last sonnet printed on super-calendered paper, and has flattered you about it. You'll soon be calling yourself a 'literary man,'" growled the President.

"I've read of some pretty decent fellows who became literary men early in life. That isn't a capital crime either," ventured the Park Row man. "So far as I have observed, there is less posing and striking for free tickets and passes among the usual run of plain, literary men, than among the great army who think that being 'newspaper men' entitles them to all the privileges of the railroads, theatres and restaurants of the country. The little harmless vanities of the literary man are often very good encouragers of self-respect."

*Droch.*



HENRIK IBSEN

AS HE APPEARED WHEN INVITED TO MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE AUTHOR OF "WE'LL ALWAYS SEE THAT MOTHER'S GRAVE'S KEPT GREEN."



HENRIK IBSEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN YESTERDAY.

#### THE GROWTH OF GREATNESS.—I.

HENRIK IBSEN was not born yesterday. In fact, if the best authorities are to be believed, he was born on the twentieth of March, 1828, at a place in Norway afflicted with the name of Skien. His earliest ambition was to be a drug-clerk, but we cannot determine how successful he was in this walk of life as we have not at hand the Skien Board of Health's mortality statistics for the period that young Ibsen was so employed. It is to be inferred, though, that he did not find this field of slaughter sufficiently large, for he left it to engage in the production and writing of plays. A playwright may kill off as many people as his fancy dictates without fear of being brought to justice. We have long believed that the laws do not deal with playwrights as they ought, and this view of the profession confirms the belief.

It is certain that Henrik Ibsen has gained more fame as a writer of plays than he ever did as a drug-clerk. How famous he is may be inferred from the fact that he has become the father of a cult, and that his name has actually been printed in the Chicago newspapers. That his statue adorns several public squares, and surmounts the State House dome in Boston, does not necessarily imply that he is anything but a fad, yet is bound to have more or less influence on the feminine mind in South Roxbury and Radcliffe College.

Our portraits show Mr. Ibsen at various stages of his career, and will really interest not only his real enemies, but also those who really think that he is really the only real realist who has ever really written real realistic plays for the really realistic stage.





A PROMISE OF A HAPPIER NEW





## THE OUTLOOK.



THE dramatic horizon is not especially luminous. The theatres where we are wont to look for the best productions are either pushing present successes to the season's limit or dabbling in the innocuous desuetude of back numbers and former glories. Mr. Daly promises us, after another revival or two, a new play from the pen of Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, but as to what he will do in case this should not succeed—*absit omen*—he utters no word. Mr. Palmer turns to the melodrama as a refuge from the fate that has attended this season's efforts at originality. Mr. Daniel Frohman promises us another new piece for his company, and here end the probabilities so far as the reliables are concerned. We are to have two versions of "Madame Sans Gêne," a production in English, under the management of Mr. Augustus Pitou, which has already been seen outside of New York and is said to be adequately done, and later on the French version with Madame Réjane in the leading part.

It seems likely that this will prove to have been one of the most uninteresting theatrical seasons on record. It is now more than half over and, taking past and future together, there is little to distinguish it in a dramatic way. If New York is to have any drama at all it might be worth while to look for the cause of the present decline—a decline which has been by no means sudden. It was a fashion a little while ago to lay it to farce-comedy, but to-day farce-comedy plays so small a part in the theatricals of the country that it can be held responsible only in so far as its long way debauched public taste.

The truth is that there are too many contributory causes to enable us to hold any particular one responsible. The most important is perhaps the mental laziness and unintelligence of New York audiences. A performance which is the least bit subtle or which is purely artistic is far away from the multitude and is not thoroughly enjoyed by the few. Mr. Daly has done more than any other manager in this direction for our boasted metropolitan public, but LIFE has yet to learn that he is quoted very high in the list of millionaires. For the multitude, light opera of even the baser sort, or drama of the tank description is the best thing theatrically, and secures the public's patronage.

Of course a tremendous proportion of the money that might otherwise go into the support of the theatre is spent on



"IS DAT YOU CHIMMY?"

"YES."

"D'YER KNOW YOU AIN'T SO BAD LOOKIN' WHEN YOU'RE MADE UP!"

grand opera. LIFE believes this to be largely an artificial condition and one that will eventually be modified. We spend more for our grand opera than other people do, and although it is a national weak point that we spend more for display than we do for enjoyment, the pay of operatic impressarios and artists is bound some day to be governed by the laws of legitimate supply and demand. If, meanwhile, the American stage dies from starvation, the intelligent middle-class public of Great Britain will doubtless have preserved for us a source of supply which will be more valuable than it is even at present.

The absence of the American dramatist and American actor are minor contributory causes. Those persons would thrive and multiply if the public would patronize managers who could supply them with steady employment and something more than board wages.

The absence of managers also contributes. We have managers to be sure—one or two real managers—but most of those we have are limited by financial experiences to attempting nothing but sure things like tank productions—or if they are broader-gauged, don't know a good actor or a good play from a bad one. We cannot blame the managers,





"THINGS ALL GOING HIS WAY."

for the public taste makes possible the existence of only such managers as know more about the cutting down of an usher's salary than they do about acting or accessories.

But let us not despair. Matters artistic seem to move in cycles, and some day there may come back to us an era of good plays, properly acted and appropriately produced.

\* \* \*



LIFE presents his compliments, his homage and the assurance of his high esteem to several gentlewomen whom he has observed of late. And he is most happy to note that their number seems to be increasing rapidly.

Need he state that he refers to those considerate and kindly ladies who voluntarily remove their hats during the progress of a theatrical performance?

In former seasons the woman who came to a New York theatre unbonneted, or who removed her head-gear after arrival, was a rare exception. This year there seems to have been a sort of spontaneous movement which has led a number of the reputedly gentler sex to show this courtesy to their fellow spectators. They are yet in the minority, but it is a more than ordinary sight to see a woman, at the rise of the curtain, unostentatiously remove her hat or bonnet, as the case may be, and place it in her lap. Of course, there still remain complacent and presumably underbred persons who seem to rejoice in wearing to the theatre the most barbarous concoctions that a cheap milliner can produce. But in New York, at least, their number seems to be diminishing, and whatever conspicuousness they thus secure is likely to be more painful than flattering.

It has always been LIFE's belief that the better class of women have never wished to offend in this direction. Now that a rational means of escape from its sometimes disagreeable consequences offers, he is glad to notice that it is the prettiest, sweetest, most distinguished and altogether charming women in the theatres who avail themselves of it.

Here's long life to them—bless them!—and may they never be without a stalwart and manly escort to take them to every performance they want to see. *Metcalfe.*

#### A MANIFEST WRONG.

AN indignant correspondent writes to LIFE to say that he took a friend to the opera house on a recent Friday evening to see Mr. Austin Corbin and Mr. Robert Golet, both of whom are advertised to appear on Friday evenings. Neither of these gentlemen was there; and yet no note to that effect was printed on the programme,

and no announcement of the fact was made from the stage. This is not the first time this season that patrons of the opera house have been disappointed in this way, and it does seem about time that something was done about it. Either the box-holders should not have their names printed on the programme, or care should be taken to have them appear as advertised, or the audience should have its money refunded.

LIFE has also noticed another evil. Sometimes a box-holder will bring one or more friends with him. How is the audience in such a case to know which is which? Would it not be well if every occupant of a box were obliged to wear a placard with his name on it, either suspended from his neck or protruding from a pocket, after the manner of the politicians in the cartoons of some of our contemporaries? Much confusion and annoyance could thus be avoided with practically no trouble or expense.



A WELL-TURNED ANKLE.



*Sympathetic plain friend to inconsolable young widow:* THE LAST TIME I MET YOUR DEAR HUSBAND HE STOPPED AND SPOKE TO ME WITH SUCH A SUNNY GREETING, THAT I WAS THE HAPPIER FOR IT ALL DAY LONG.

*Young widow, still oblivious to everything except her loss:* YES, THAT WAS JUST LIKE DEAR DAVID. THERE WAS NO WOMAN SO HUMBLE, OR HOMELY, OR UNATTRACTIVE, OR DULL, BUT THAT HE COULD FIND SOMETHING PLEASANT TO SAY TO HER, AND WOULD TAKE PAINS TO SAY IT.



A HOLIDAY DREAM.

*Em'ly:* YER SEE I WUZ CARRIED AWAY ON A YALLER CLOUD INTO A BIG OPEN BLUE PLACE WHERE THERE WUZ NOTHIN' BUT DOLLS—BLONDES, BLUENETTES, NIGGERS, AN' CHINESE; AND SANTA CLAUS TOOK ME BY THE HAND AN' LED ME UP TO ONE O' THE MOST BEAUTIFULLEST DOLLS I EVER SEEN, ALL GOLD LACE AN' SPANGLES, AN' IT COULD TALK AN' SING, TOO. (*In rapture*) OH, IT WUZ TOO LOVERLY FOR ANYTHINK! AN' SANTA CLAUS WUZ JUST PUTTIN' IT INTO MY HANDS WHEN I WOKED UP!

*Chorus:* OH, WHAT A SHAME! DIDN'T YER WANT TER DIE?

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE Regular Monthly Meeting of the Advanced American Business Women's Union will be held on Thursday next at Three P. M.

A full attendance is earnestly requested, as a number of important papers will be read and discussed.

The subjects will be as follows:

- |  |         |  |
|--|---------|--|
| "Are Boys Worth Raising?"                                | - - -   | By Lena Spinster, M. D.                      |
| "Practical Hints on Sharpening Lead Pencils,"            | - - -   | By Mary Sharpe Cutter, C. E.                 |
| "Women Who Have Ruled the World," ( <i>25th Paper</i> ), | - - -   | By Susan Meekly.                             |
| "Ten Cent Lunches,"                                      | - - -   | By Sarah Cruller.                            |
|  |         | ( <i>Author of the Saw-dust Cook Book.</i> ) |
| "Women as Financiers and Bankers,"                       | - - -   | By Beatrice Spendit.                         |
| "Where Would Men be Without Their Mothers,"              | - - -   | By Caroline Eudora Oldstyle.                 |
| "Are Bloomers Becoming?"                                 | - - -   | By Bessie Stout.                             |
| "Street Cars,"   | - - -   |  |
| 1. "How to Get On and Off,"                              | } - - - | By Carrie Ryder.                             |
| 2. "Who Should Pay the Fare?"                            |         |  |
| 3. "Squelching the Conductor,"                           |         |  |
| "Feminine Traits in Browning and Emerson,"               | - - -   | By Lucy Ringlets.                            |

Lemonade *frappé* will be served in the Blue Room.

N. B.—Members whose fines for non-attendance at the meeting amount to more than twenty-five cents are requested to pay them immediately, or their names will be posted on the bulletin board in accordance with By-law XVII.

HELEN REUYTER, *Secretary.*

#### POOR CUPID.

Kisses may be conveniently divided into two classes—those which belong to and are intimately associated with the warmer passions of the heart and those which are purely conventional. In view of the exacting demands of modern sanitary principles, in neither case is the habit desirable or even permissible.—*The Medical Press and Circular.*

"BEWARE the microbes in a kiss!"

Cold-hearted Science cries.

Alas! where ignorance is bliss,  
What folly to be wise!



*Reginald:* AH, MY GOOD MAN, WILL YOU GIVE ME A LIGHT?



"WHY, CERT! COME ON UP."





A CATTLE dealer arrived in Paris the other day, with the intention of having his portrait painted in oils. He applied to an artist near the Madeline, and in concluding the bargain dwelt strongly on his wish that the likeness should be striking and unmistakable. The painter promised that it should be so.

"Indeed," he added, "I will appeal to the most disinterested judge possible—to your own bulldog. We will show him the picture and see whether he recognizes you."

Accordingly when the picture was finished it was brought into the dealer's lodging, placed on the floor, and the dog was called in. He instantly ran up to the portrait and began to lick it, wagging his tail and showing every sign of delighted affection. The grateful dealer, convinced of the accuracy of the likeness, instantly paid down the sum demanded by the artist, quite unconscious of the fact that the "counterfeit presentment" of his manly features had been well rubbed with a bit of bacon.—*Exchange.*

THE other evening as a muscular person was passing a house, a lady who stood at the gate called out to him: "Sir, I appeal to you for protection!"

"What's the matter?" he asked as he stopped short.

"There's a man in the house and he won't go out of doors when I ordered him to."

"He wouldn't, eh! We'll see about that." Thereupon the man gave the woman his coat to hold and sailed into the house. He found a man at the supper table and took him by the neck and remarked: "Nice style of brute you are, eh? Come out o' this or I'll break every bone in your body!"

The man fought, and it was not until a chair had been broken and the table upset that he was hauled out of doors by the legs, and given a fling through the gates.

"Now then, you brass faced old tramp, you move on, or I'll finish you!"

"Tramp! Tramp!" shouted the victim as he got up. "I'm no tramp! I own this property and live in this house!"

"You do?"

"Yes, and that's my wife holding your coat."

"Thunder!" whispered the muscular man, as he gazed from one to the other and realized that it was the wife's method of finishing a row she had been having with her husband. And then he made a grab for his coat and disappeared into the darkness.—*Ex.*

A CERTAIN clubman, who attempted to play a practical joke, was nonplused in a very unexpected way. He says, "I am very particular about fastening the doors and windows of my house. I do not intend to leave them open at nights as an invitation to burglars to enter. You see, I was robbed once in that way last year, and I never mean to be again; so when I go to bed I like to be sure that every door and window is securely fastened."

"Last winter my wife engaged a big, strong country girl, and the new-comer was very careless about the doors at night. On two or three occasions I came down-stairs to find a window up or the back door unlocked. I cautioned her, but it did no good. I therefore determined to frighten her. I got some false whiskers, and one night about eleven o'clock I crept down the back stairs to the kitchen, where she was. She had turned down the gas, and was in her chair by the fire fast asleep, as I could tell by her breathing, but the moment I struck a match she woke."

"I expected a great yelling and screaming, but nothing of the sort took place. She bounced out of her seat with a 'You villain!' on her lips, seized a chair by the back, and before I had made a move she hit me over the head, forcing me to my knees. I tried to get up, tried to explain who I was, but in vain. Before I could get out of the room she struck me again, and it was only after I had tumbled up the back stairs that she gave the alarm. Then she came up to my room, rapped at the door, and coolly announced—

"Mr. —, please get up. I've killed a burglar."—*Exchange.*

CAPTAIN BLISS was, like all seamen, a strict disciplinarian, and his crew respected him beyond measure. Not one of them would have dreamed of interpreting a command otherwise than according to the strict letter of the law; things must be done "shipshape" under his rule.

One day, while the ship was in a certain small port, the captain gave a dinner to some town acquaintances, and as the resources of the ship were not great, some of the sailors were deputed to wait on the table, to reinforce the insufficient number of stewards.

As these men were not used to such work, each one was told exactly what service would fall to its share.

The hour came, and the dinner went merrily on. Presently, however, one of the ladies wanted a piece of bread. There was none very near her, and the finely disciplined stewards seemed to be quite oblivious to her need. She turned her head and spoke very softly to the man at her elbow.

"Bread, please," she said.

He looked regretfully at the bread, and then at her. It was evident that he would fain have helped her if it had been in his power. He saluted in fine naval style.

"Can't do it, ma'am," said he. "I'm told off for 'taters'!"—*Youth's Companion.*

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"Hello, Dandy! Is that you?" Tim asked.

Dandy evidently answered yes, for the next question Tim asked was:

"Did you leave an umbrella at the club, Dandy?"

Dandy must have said yes again, for Tim yelled:

"Ye did? and is this it?" holding the umbrella up at the telephone as he said it.—*Buffalo Times*.

A MAN, meeting on the street Henry W. Paine, the distinguished, honest, and universally respected member of our Boston bar, addressed him as Mr. D—, a man of very different reputation.

"I am not Mr. D—" was the answer, "but Mr. Henry W. Paine."

"I beg your pardon," said the man, "for making the mistake."

"I will excuse you," replied Mr. Paine, "but I sincerely hope the devil will not make the same mistake."—*Dumb Animals*.

"Me fader's got a new Sunday suit of er close," remarked one of the little girls in Miss Winslow's sewing class at the mission.

"Den why don't he never wear 'em?" asked another little girl triumphantly.

"Hush, Katie!" said Miss Winslow softly. "I have no doubt Maggie will tell us all about it in her own way."

"Yes, miss; he can't wear 'em now, cose de pants is gone," explained Maggie.

"How did he come to lose them?"

"He didn't lose 'em, miss; dey was stolen!"

"That is too bad! How did it happen?"

"Well, you see, miss, one day when he was off to his work and mudder was gone out to do a day's washing fer Mrs. Van Nobs, and I had taken the baby out to the park for to get the air, somebody bruk into our room and stole me fader's new Sunday pants on him."

"Stole them on him? You don't mean exactly that, do you?" asked Miss Winslow, with an indulgent smile.

"Naw, she don't," cried Katie, scornfully. "She don't know how to talk proper. What she means is they stole them off him?"—*New York World*.

ONE rainy day recently a lady sat in an elevated car, with her umbrella leaning against the seat. As the train approached Forty-second street a tall, lank young man struggled among the standups for the door. In passing his right foot caught the umbrella, and carried away the ferrule end with a crash. The young man was very red and very much embarrassed, but he managed to stammer out a confused apology. The lady, instead of being annoyed at the accident, smiled sweetly, and accepted the apology with such an air of grace as at once attracted the attention and admiration of the observant passengers.



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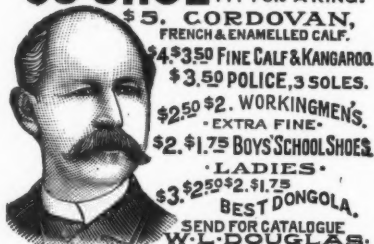
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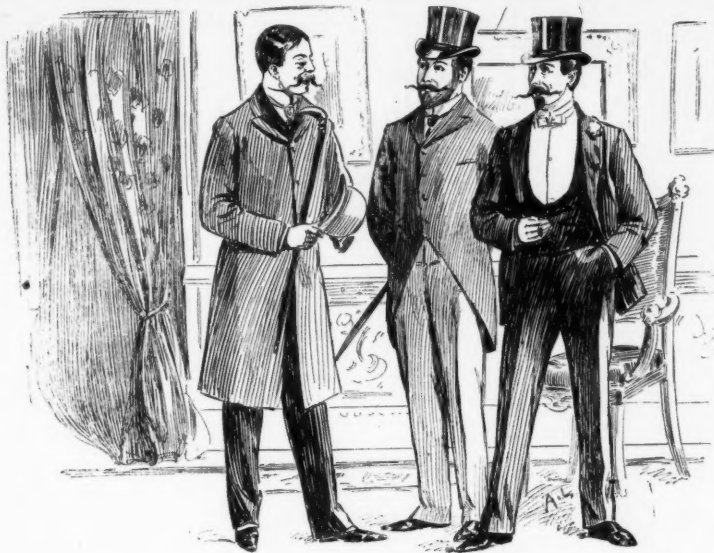
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